

# Florida

Florida Boating Adventure  
Hard Luck Hunt!

Fishing • Hunting  
• Conservation •  
Outdoor Recreation

# WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY 1965

*The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen*

25 CENTS

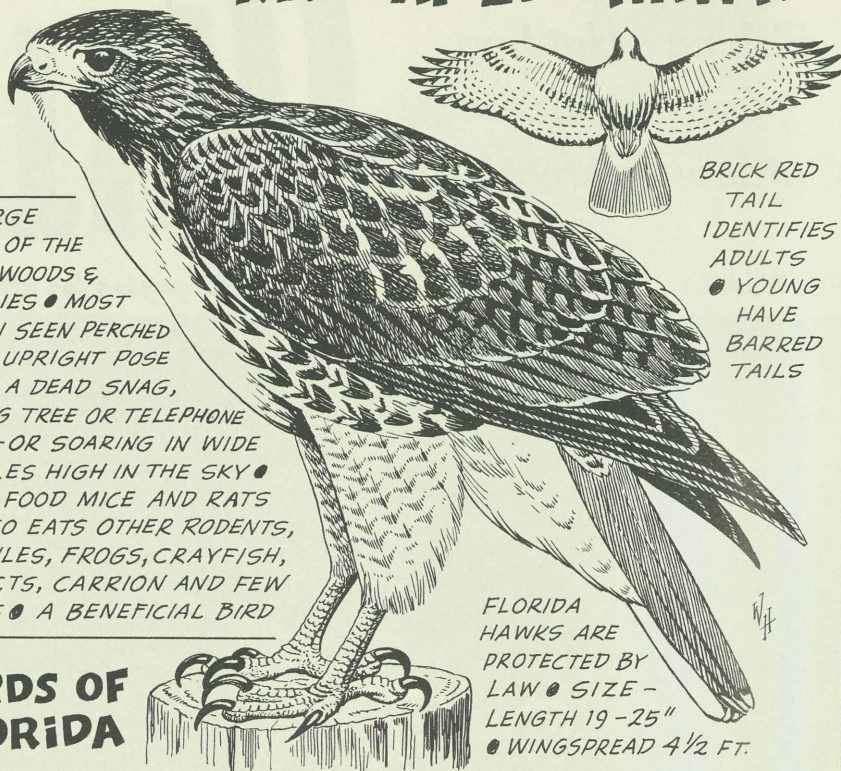


Wallace  
Hughes



# FLORIDA

## RED-TAILED HAWK



A LARGE HAWK OF THE OPEN WOODS & PRAIRIES • MOST OFTEN SEEN PERCHED IN AN UPRIGHT POSE ATOP A DEAD SNAG, LIVING TREE OR TELEPHONE POLE - OR SOARING IN WIDE CIRCLES HIGH IN THE SKY • MAIN FOOD MICE AND RATS • ALSO EATS OTHER RODENTS, REPTILES, FROGS, CRAYFISH, INSECTS, CARRION AND FEW BIRDS • A BENEFICIAL BIRD

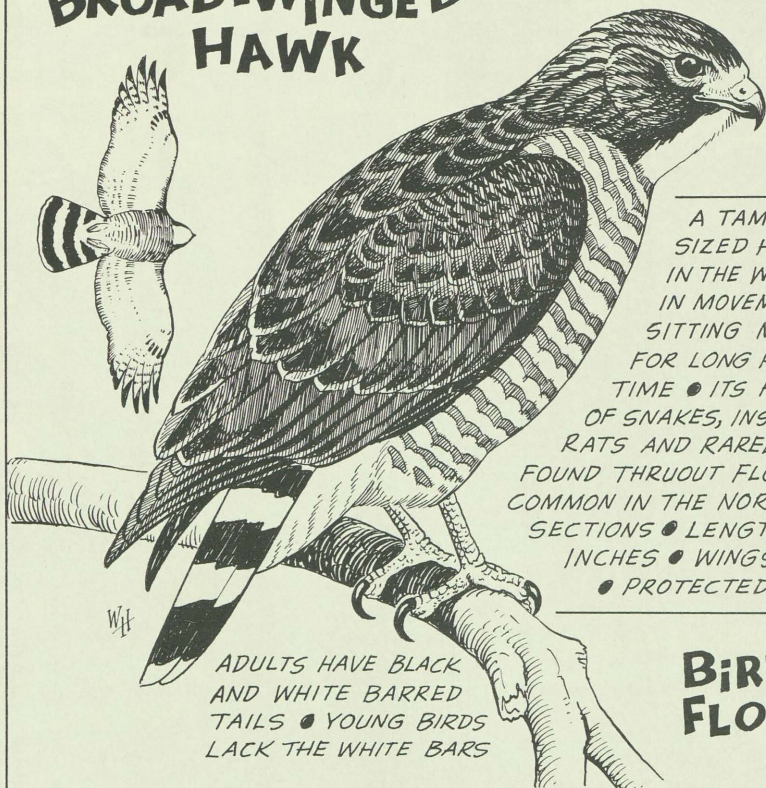
BRICK RED TAIL IDENTIFIES ADULTS • YOUNG HAVE BARRED TAILS

FLORIDA HAWKS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW • SIZE - LENGTH 19-25" • WINGSPREAD 4 1/2 FT.

### BIRDS OF FLORIDA

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

## BROAD-WINGED HAWK



A TAME, CROW-SIZED HAWK • LIVES IN THE WOODS • SLOW IN MOVEMENTS - OFTEN SITTING MOTIONLESS FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME • ITS FOOD CONSISTS OF SNAKES, INSECTS, MICE, RATS AND RARELY BIRDS • FOUND THRUOUT FLORIDA MOST COMMON IN THE NORTH & WEST SECTIONS • LENGTH 14 - 18 INCHES • WINGSPREAD 3 FT. • PROTECTED BY LAW

ADULTS HAVE BLACK AND WHITE BARRED TAILS • YOUNG BIRDS LACK THE WHITE BARS

### BIRDS OF FLORIDA

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

# WILDLIFE SCRAPBOOK



★

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Tallahassee, Florida

★

Dedicated to the  
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of our Game and Fish

★

**BILL HANSEN, Editor**

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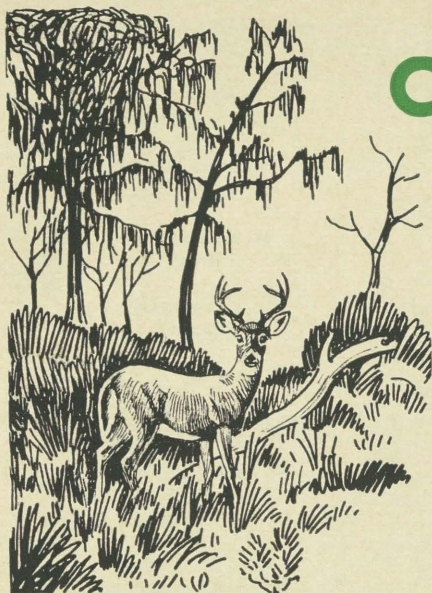
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# CONSERVATION SCENE

Conservation, Pollution and Natural Resources

Become Political, Social and Government Issues

**A**BATEMENT OF WATER pollution "requires understanding of the levels or concentrations of wastes which are harmful and/or toxic, as well as vigilance, and the continuing investment of time, talent and money," Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, president of the Wildlife Management Institute, recently told the Industrial Wastes Forum of the Water Pollution Control Federation. "If water quality criteria for the various uses are not established and advance waste treatment methods developed so these criteria can be met, then water pollution will become more acute, because it intensifies with population expansion," Gabrielson said.

"Effective pollution control depends largely on the acquisition of new knowledge and new techniques that lead to the development of an improved level of water resources management in order to restore, maintain, and improve water quality. The objective is to make it possible for each water user to return his process or waste water to the source in a condition suitable for municipal, industrial, agricultural, recreational, and all other uses that may be made of water from that common source."

To reach such a stage of compatible water use, Gabrielson

said, "the minimum quality at any point in a water source must be based on the most critical requirements of all the uses to which that water may be put, including fish, wildlife and recreation."

## Land Management Issue

CONSERVATION AND NATURAL resources are going to be the most important political and social issue over the next generation, Assistant Secretary of the Interior John A. Carver, Jr. told a recent meeting of the American Forest Products Industries in Washington, D.C., the Wildlife Management Institute reports. Carver's observation was made during a panel discussion of the viewpoints of private, State, federal, and industrial interests towards the acquisition of lands by the Federal Government. Secretary Carver pointed to a number of new laws which will strengthen programs of the Department of the Interior to dispose of public lands, especially around communities in the West, and to sell and exchange other public lands to consolidate the scattered holdings of the Bureau of Land Management.

A slumbering giant only recently aroused, the BLM administers more than 400 million acres of public domain lands, half of which are in the western States

outside of Alaska. The agency and the lands it is charged with administering have been long ignored by Congress, and natural resources management programs have only hobbled along. The outlook has gradually brightened during the past 4 to 5 years due mainly to the determination of the agency's administrators. New laws enacted by the 88th Congress suddenly have thrust the agency into the bright light of public scrutiny.

One directs BLM to manage the public lands for varied uses and authorizes classifications of the lands for retention and management or for disposal for general community expansion. A second authorizes sale of public lands required and chiefly valuable for residential, commercial, industrial, or public-use development. A third law creates a Public Land Law Review Commission to analyze current practices and policies, the nearly 5,000 land laws, to recommend lands that should be sold or retained.

## National Wildlife

THE REMAINS OF the world's most ancient and spectacular forest stand along a 450-mile belt of the northern California coast. Four-fifths of this redwood forest, containing trees over 300 feet tall  
(Continued on page 27)

## THE COVER

*The Florida Bobcat, found throughout the state, is so named because of its short, six-inch tail. It is also called Wild Cat, Bobtail and Bay Lynx. See "Florida's Wild Cats" on page 16.*

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes



## County Action For Outdoor Recreation

A 52-page illustrated guide to "County Action for Outdoor Recreation" is now available.

Publishers are the National Association of Counties and the Citizens Committee for the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission Report ("CORC").

Copies are available from CORC, 1001 Connecticut Ave., Ave., Washington, D.C. 20036. Single copies are free; in quantities of 10 or more the cost is 15 cents a copy.

In a preface, Laurance S. Rockefeller, honorary chairman of CORC, and Edwin G. Michaelian, president of NACO, urge counties in and near metropolitan areas to take prompt action to set aside open space while "increasingly scarce open, undeveloped land is still available."

They call on rural counties to "identify and protect lands and waters of highest values for outdoor recreation while costs are within reach and natural qualities remain unspoiled."

The booklet describes how both urban and rural counties can take advantage of Federal matching grants available to help plan outdoor recreation programs, and acquire and develop open space and recreation lands.

Under the new Land and Water Conservation Fund program, Federal grants of up to 50 percent of cost may be available for county acquisition and development projects. The booklet emphasizes that this aid is available only for county projects that are incorporated in statewide outdoor recreation plans, and urges counties to accelerate planning programs.

The booklet includes case histories of successful county outdoor recreation and open space programs and describes new legal and technical tools for action. A checklist to help in initiating and evaluating county programs is included. ●

## It Begins With The Young

# A Conservation Conscience

By ERNEST SWIFT

National Wildlife Federation

CONSERVATION EDUCATION is like gold: "It's where you find it." It defies cold and stilted definition. Its completeness is not bottled up in test tubes, nor found as an entity in seminars or the blind application of techniques. They are simply a means toward an end.

Conservation is a search for truths, and it takes a lifetime to discover them. Regardless of preparation and scholastic brilliance, they can only be found on the land.

Only at the end of the trail and after years of seeking can one begin to see a few faint glimmers of what is true and what is false. It is a tortuous road. By the time a degree of philosophy has enriched the years, the torch must be passed on.

When, where and how does conservation education begin? Where SHOULD it begin? Does it start with emotions that swell the childish breast at the first conscious sight of a butterfly, a robin, a dandelion, a field of daisies, a lonely pasqueflower, or mud oozing up between bare toes? Is it first awakened when a father takes his son hunting or fishing? Does it begin with cows being driven to pasture, or with day-dreaming along the banks of some small water course? Does it begin in the school room, or in the more matter-of-fact problem of finding a job?

The conservation conscience must begin with the young, and there should be opportunity for its blooming. In the end it will keep the old young at heart. It should start in adolescence with emotions and avid curiosity and should progress with study, research and contemplation. But emotions and curiosity should never be discarded.

An open mind with an insatiable curiosity are the two main avenues to conservation education because in the last analysis conservation education must have balance and produce an understanding of harmony between men and land—as Leopold has so well stated. Genuine curiosity can only be satisfied by working directly with land, water, and the products of both. There is no substitute. These are the elements which make up the whole of conservation.

Laboratories are a testing ground for what happens on the land; seminars and speeches should be considered a media of evaluating the results of laboratory testing and "on-the-land" EFFORTS.

But the entire spectrum of effort is best advanced by those who have an affinity for things in their natural state. Actual work on the land is proof of their sincerity, it must be deep and impelling. Foresters, game and fish managers, wardens, by reason of their daily contacts, should have a better appreciation of both the esthetics and the laws of survival than the many who only use the out-of-doors as a week-end playground. Sad to say, there is no hard and fast rule for this.

Not everyone will become a complete conservationist. Those who search through the years with an honest effort are less sure of any self-contained understanding. They more than likely will

(continued on page 30)





## Bass Species

By CHARLES WATERMAN

Fishing boats—built in many shapes and sizes for individual preference—should be considered for safety while afloat, and hauling

**A**LMOST EVERY TIME somebody thinks he has located a new sub-species of fish, a killjoy biologist shows up, counts scales or fin rays and says it ain't so. This is all to the good because if it weren't true you'd soon have a 5-foot bookshelf of fish names. Local fish handles are all fouled up anyway.

Since it's the most important—and prevalent—of our game fish, the black bass is most frequently discovered in a new shape or color and promptly christened a new sub-species. I've done it myself but I know now that ordinary bass appear in almost as many shapes as the fishermen who seek them.

They also behave in different ways in different waters and most learned dissertations on sure-fire bass methods and bass habits are turned out by authors with so little experience they don't even know how skimpy their information is.

That, of course, is one of the reasons why there have been thousands upon thousands of bass lures—killers in some areas and often complete duds in others.

Florida black bass tend to be extremely deep in body. The big ones get more of their weight that way than by great length. Generally speaking, a year-around growing season with plenty of food makes for fish quite deep for their length.

No one has explained to me about the sizes of bass mouths which vary greatly (even among real "largemouths"). The Florida bass generally runs to a pretty big tater trap, even when chunky in build.

In some areas, a small mouth indicates rapid growth, theory being that the head doesn't keep up with the rest of the fish when living is good.

Best example of the small mouth theory occurred in a food-filled impoundment I used to fish. Many of the less learned anglers insisted the fish were really members of the smallmouth clan. But they weren't, the fishery man told me.

**THE TRUE SMALLMOUTH** bass has some characteristics that differ from the largemouth. When the two fish are found in the same waters (not unusual in the Midwest) they go for the same lures. In streams, I feel the smallmouth is a somewhat harder fighter, although running smaller. It's in the big,

deep impoundments that most of the outsized smallmouths are caught, generally near the bottom.

For that matter, bass lie near the bottom most of the time wherever they are found.

**LARGEMOUTH BASS** come in as many colors as a chorus girl's hair. In black, tannic-acid stained water such as is found in much of Florida they are so dark it's almost impossible to make out the distinctive "lineside" or the dark blotches largemouths are supposed to have. The color is likely to be dark olive but down in the Shark River country I've caught many that were truly dark green.

Shallow waters with light bottoms tend to produce what Florida natives often call "rattlesnake bass"—light in color with distinct markings so sharp they resemble the topside of a diamondback. Once in a while such a fish will turn up among darker specimens but I'm inclined to believe he's simply been living in a shallow spot and I doubt if his color is a result of ancestry.

Smallmouth bass tend toward brown or bronze color and the term "bronzeback" undoubtedly began with them although I often hear it applied to largemouths. On an Ozark trip last summer, I heard smallmouths called "brownies" almost exclusively. When I was a kid, the Ozark folks called them "black bass" and the largemouths "linesides."

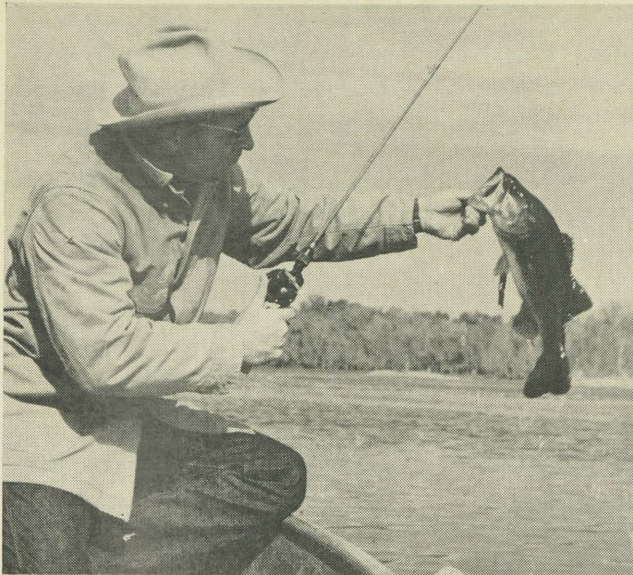
**THE SKIN AND SCALES** have a lot to do with fish flavor. Lots of "muddy" tasting bass would be fine if their skins were removed before cooking. There are exceptions though, especially if the fish has been living on a soft bottom in low, stagnant water. Then the whole fish tastes muddy.

**BASS FEEDING HABITS**, which send so many anglers to the psychiatrist's couch, are so adaptable to specific conditions that it takes a lot of experience to speak brightly about them. It's skimpy experience that produces "sure fire" bass fishing methods.

For example, "schooling" largemouth bass, so common in Florida, would be a sensation in most parts of the country.

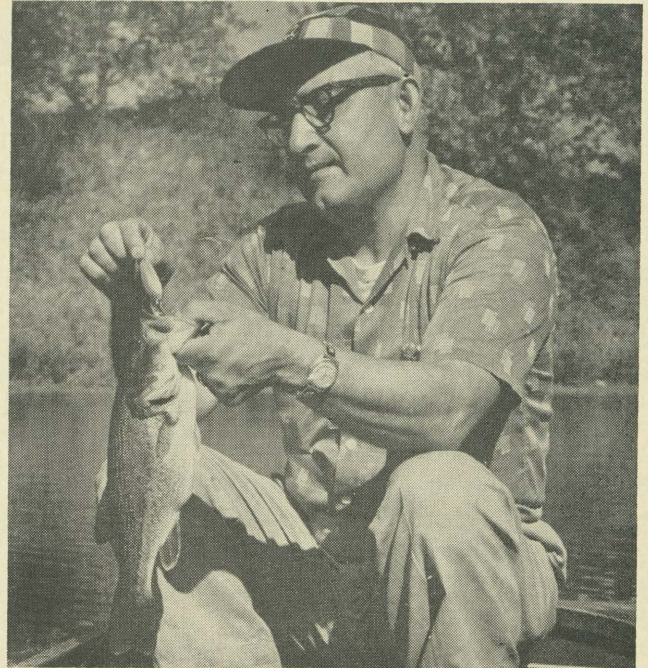
Then, there's the lake which loses most of its bass





Coming aboard from dark, tannic acid stained water, this black largemouth is really black.

Bass from clear, unstained water has light markings. This one came from a midwestern strip pit.



population through poor spawning conditions, shortage of proper food or over-population of rough fish. Such a lake may contain a very few monster bass which have adapted themselves to the conditions and feed on what is available—usually on the bottom. The fact one of them is occasionally caught certainly doesn't prove it's a good bass lake.

The ideal condition would be bass in a wide variety of sizes, indicating that most hatches come off successfully and that there is enough food for all.

Most woebegone of all is the fisherman who has "solved" a certain lake, only to have the fish change their feeding habits.

This is most common on artificial lakes where, for the first few years, an abundance of shoreline food causes the fish to strike happily in the shallows. Then the shoreline supply of food gives out and fish move deeper, looking to the bottom for their groceries.

Our sport must change his methods or find a new fishing hole.

The very fact that bass can adapt to a wide variety of conditions makes fishing for them so danged complicated that I'm pretty skeptical of bass experts once they get a few miles from home.

---

FISHERMAN ARE frequently in search of the "smallest boat that will be safe" for fresh water fishing. Some of those who ask me about it are older folks who wouldn't feel up to swimming long distances in case of a mishap—but at the same time don't feel athletic enough to row or paddle large boats.

Probably the most seaworthy peewee boat is the dinghy type with a round bottom but I don't like it for fishing because it rolls or tips so easily. The flat-bottomed skiff, in addition to being faster with a small outboard motor, sits more steadily. As the salesman says, "a barrel rolls easier than a box."

Now I'm going to make my point:

A narrow, flat-bottomed boat gains a lot of stability through extra length. We all have a tendency to measure boats too much by length alone. A 14-foot flat-bottomed boat will probably push just about as easily as a 12-footer and will be a lot steadier in the water. Longer boats are more easily steered with paddle or oar and length is a big consideration when you're drifting in a current. Short boats tend to go down a stream like a bar of soap.

---

I'M A LITTLE jumpy about boat trailer hitches. Partly through bad luck and mainly through carelessness, I've had several near-accidents because of trailer hitch failure.

Most chilling of all occurred in the wee hours of a morning ten years ago when my wife and I were headed for Everglades on U.S. Highway No. 27 south of Sebring.

I was driving and just how often I was checking the presence of the boat trailer I wouldn't know but suddenly as I turned from No. 27 to Florida No. 29, I was horrified to see it was no longer with us.

Of course, I had no idea how long it had been gone—ten seconds? Thirty minutes?

A cold-sweat turn-around and a frantic search of 50 miles of highway failed to reveal any sign of the vagrant boat and its wheels but, praise be, we found no gory accident caused by it either.

*(Continued on page 26)*



# MUZZLE FLASHES



## Mail Call

By EDMUND McLAURIN

Answers to questions mailed in  
by readers of this column

**How does the new Remington Model 1100 autoloader compare with the long popular square-end receiver Browning autoloader in operation?**

The two autoloading models are both dependable of operation, but entirely different in operating principle.

The Browning operates on the recoiling barrel principle; the Remington Model 1100 functions by powder gas siphoned off into a special gas chamber. The barrel of the Remington 100 remains stationary; only the breech block recoils, to autoload.

The Remington Model 1100 has far less noticeable recoil, and the shooter is usually less conscious of its moving parts than when firing the same shell loads in a Browning shotgun having a recoiling barrel.

**Where should the point of balance lie in a shotgun for most efficient handling?**

In a double barrel shotgun, point of balance should center at the hinge, or about an inch forward. In a pump or autoloader, balance point should be just forward of edge of receiver.

A well balanced gun shoulders faster, points more naturally; therefore, generally shoots better.

**For last hunting season, I purchased a bolt-action .30-06 sporter on a Springfield action. It has the usual type of Springfield lift up and push down thumb safety.**

Out hunting, I saw a deer and eased my safety halfway towards "Fire" position, then decided not to immediately shoot, even though

I had already placed considerable pressure on the trigger. But when I did lower the rifle's safety to full "Fire" position, the rifle went off unexpectedly as I started to aim, though my finger had not again touched the trigger. What happened?

In normal "Safe" position the safety on the Springfield gives definite blocking to the rifle's striker block; it is one of the best safety mechanisms made, properly used.

But it should be used only at a full "On" (safe) position. At the lesser arcs, the safety does not cam the cocking piece back entirely clear of the trigger's sear. . . . There is no blocking of firing mechanism and the rifle will go off if strong pressure is put on the trigger, then removed, and the thumb safety pushed all the way down to "Fire" position.

Besides the Springfield, this condition can occur in the Mausers, Enfields and certain early Remington and Winchester bolt actions using similar type safety.

**What shotshell loads do I need to reliably kill heavily feathered game at ranges well beyond forty yards? I use a 12 gauge. I want the best shot patterns possible.**

To start with, you must have a close patterning barrel; that usually means one of Full Choke boring.

Next, you must have fairly heavy shot if you expect to maintain killing energy 'way out.

For shots around 60 yards, you should not use smaller shot size

than No. 4, because of energy loss characteristic of smaller size shot.

In heavy shotshell loads, particularly the Magnums, nickel and copper-plated chilled shot will invariably give better killing patterns and penetration than regular chilled shot.

To get the facts, you'll have to pattern your shotgun with various loads over the average extended range you shoot, not at the standard 40 yards shotgun patterning range.

**I have just acquired a shotgun chambered for 3" Magnum length shells. Can I use standard 2¾" length shells without sacrificing shot pattern quality?**

Firing tests indicate that modern 2¾" length shells can be satisfactorily used in 3" length chambers without loss of pattern quality. In some individual Full Choke bored guns tested, patterns actually were improved.

There was once foundation for the belief that 2¾" length shells fired in 3" chambers resulted in poor shot patterns, but that was back in the days when the rolled style shotshell crimp was used; new methods of shotshell crimping have largely eliminated this marked difference in delivered patterns.

**Can you give me a few basic facts about the new .284 Winchester caliber?**

The .284 joins the class of other short cartridge case 7mm's.

It has a short, fat case and a short neck; consequently, the .284



cartridge will function in short lever-throw rifle models like Winchester Model 88 and Savage 99, which are being commercially chambered for the new cartridge. The Winchester Model 100 auto-loader is also being chambered for the new .284 cartridge.

Performance is about that of the .270 Winchester and .280 Remington calibers, even though the fat shell case is half an inch shorter. Recoil is about the same.

Bullet ballistics show the new .284 has 3,200 feet per second muzzle velocity in 125 grain bullet weight, and 2,900 fps muzzle velocity when 150 grain bullets are used. Both bullet weights will deliver powerful punches on distant targets.

**What are the standard shotgun bore diameters, and what are the standard choke constriction diameters?**

Though they may vary very slightly with different manufacturers, most of the gun factories now recognize .729" diameter as standard for 12 gauge, .662" for 16 gauge, and .615" for 20 gauge bores.

**Choke**—based on percentage of shot pattern within 30-inch circle at 40 yards—figures out to about 2 to 5 one-thousandths choke or shot constriction for Improved Cylinder pattern; 10 to 15 one-thousandths choke for Modified, and 20 to 30 one-thousandths for Full Choke.

**I'm a handgun shooter. Would using jacketed bullets in my gun for practice and match shooting give me any advantages?**

Maybe—and I mean "maybe!"

Most jacketed bullets are not very accurate at low velocities, being designed primarily for use at fast speeds. If used at low velocities, uncrimped, jacketed handgun bullets tend to separate from their jackets. Finally, they are expensive for heavy practice use.

**How do you feel about the proposed restrictions on mail order sales of guns?**

As a gun lover, and as a firm believer of the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, I am opposed to impractical firearms legislation. I feel there should be unrestricted trade in sporting fire-

arms to sportsmen for target shooting and hunting.

But I do feel that mail order sales of war souvenir anti-tank guns and multiple firing weapons made on the working principle of combat machine guns should be abolished. These type of weapons have no place in our sporting use of firearms, and possession of workable weapons should be firmly restricted to authorized law enforcement and national defense agencies.

As matters now stand, anyone with the purchase price can buy anti-tank guns and easily reactivated war surplus machine guns and ammunition for same.

**A friend and I have identical caliber deer rifles and shoot the same cartridge loading. But my friend's rifle is an old one, while mine has been fired only six times. He claims his rifle gives slightly higher velocity than mine, although of same barrel length and firing the same cartridge loading as mine. Is he right?**

Generally speaking, yes. Most rifles give slightly lower velocities when they are brand new than when fired a bit. After from 25 to 300 rounds, depending on caliber, they then generally give highest achievable velocities for a given powder load. Also, most of them shoot better after reasonable "breaking in."

**When was gunpowder first used? Who invented smokeless powder?**

History supports use of "Greek fire"—an inflammable, but not explosive compound, about 673 A.D.; "Chinese Snow," about 600 A.D.

A manuscript by Liber Ignium dated 846 A.D. describes a compound of practically the same formula as black powder.

Black powder is also mentioned in the writings of Abd Allah about 1240 A.D.

The general formula of black  
(Continued on page 27)



For those long shots at waterfowl you will need fairly heavy shot, if you expect to maintain killing energy 'way out, and a close patterning Full Choke barrel.



A Modern-day cruise — into  
the historic past

# BOATING



## Florida Boating Adventure

By ELGIN WHITE

**R**ETRACING THE PATHS of conquistadores of old has been an accepted custom of American vacationers for many years.

Until recently, however, those visitations were limited in the main to tours by auto, bus, air, special train, or even on foot via the ever popular camper's route.

In many areas of our country this still holds true, for famous landmarks and forts and historic places can only be reached over land.

Florida's historic attractions, especially along the coastal areas where this country's history began more than 400 years ago, are in a separate class. For the most part, and with few exceptions, they can be visited by boat, and such a visitation makes the journey twice as adventurous and exciting as by standard automobile travel.

Perhaps the most famous and historic strip of terra firma in the entire United States could be that 60-mile stretch of land between Fernandina Beach, in the far northeast corner of the state, and world renowned St. Augustine, the oldest city in America, often referred to as the cradle of American history.

For many years tourists from all over the world have been visiting these two historic regions, as

well as the areas in between, but as mentioned earlier, by car, train and bus for the most part.

It had occurred to me on more than one occasion to make this jaunt via boat, although I could truthfully admit I did not know if such a journey would be feasible.

In order to find out the why's and wherefores, I called David Gatchel, likeable city manager of Fernandina Beach and asked if such a tour could be made.

"Don't know," Dave advised, "but tell you what I'll do . . . I'll check it out and let you know."

Check it out he did. Dave called me in a couple of days with the report: "You know, this will make a tremendous boat cruise. What do you want us to do from here?"

That was the beginning. Knowing that such a venture was not only feasible but practical, I contacted Bill Prentiss at Johnson Motors and Les Walker at Sportcraft Boats and made arrangements for transport. This was readily taken care of, and my good cronies Dr. Charles Miller, a Miami dentist, and his wife Sarita, who are about the boatingest nuts you ever saw, heard about the venture and offered to come along.

Johnny Johnson, one of Florida's leading photographers, and Florida Boating Council agent Earl Register formed the reporting team and we were ready to take a gander at history from a boat, just like the old boys long ago did.

Our starting point was from Florida's unique marine welcome station at Fernandina Beach. This latest innovation in the world of boating travel is typical of this state's forte of combining the very old with the very new.

Fernandina, whether you are aware of it or not, is the *second* oldest city in the United States, having been founded by Spaniards in 1567. The name was conferred upon it as a tribute to King Ferdinand of Spain, who financed Columbus' trips over this way somewhat under duress.

Located on Amelia Island, Fernandina Beach has seen the years go by as a way-station for brigands, Spanish conquistadores, French Huguenots, English



Launching point for the cruise south to St. Augustine was the new Welcome Station Marina at Fernandina Beach.



This view from the ramparts of Fort Clinch, looking out over the Atlantic Ocean, must have been shared by many a sentry in days gone by.

Photos By  
Johnny Johnson



pirates and privateers, Yankee gunboats, Confederate barks, and the latest breed of invaders . . . tourists.

We put in from the excellent launching ramp at the Marine Welcome Station, and, to our surprise, were joined by a fleet of six outboards from South Carolina who were coming into the region for an exploration trip of the islands surrounding this historic area.

Dave obtained a copy of the Standard Oil Southern Cruising Guide chart at the Welcome Station, which is a good thing to keep in mind if you plan to duplicate this journey. These charts are invaluable, though the waters we were traversing were all Intracoastal Waterway routes and readily marked. There also are other charts available from various oil companies as well as the usual Coast & Geodetic Survey charts.

Once in the water, we swung north from the Welcome Station for a short run past Fernandina's big shrimp fleet. This place is a sea food gourmet's paradise, too, for in addition to the big shrimp fleet that bases here, regular party and charter boats sa-shay into the Atlantic Ocean from this point.

One mile from our starting point we pulled onto shore on the right bank of the Amelia River at the camp site of Fort Clinch State Park. This is a fine, sandy white beach and we simply nudged ashore in full view of the campers in the park.

Having been advised by Dave Gatchel of our arrival, we were met by Gil Becker, superintendent of the Fort Clinch State Park, who had in mind showing us the camping facilities there before meeting us later on at the fort.

Gil piled the male entourage of our party into the stern of a pick-up truck and we went bouncing over

the sand dunes into the myriads of by-ways and small passages of the camp-grounds, and it was really something to see.

There were plenty of campers there when we moved through, most of them from Ohio, Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois. But Becker told us that a lot of local people frequent the campsites on week-ends. Facilities are excellent there, and those outdoor lovers looked as if they were having a ball.

We got back to the shore where the girls were waiting with the boats, and I noticed that there was a new concrete launching ramp there. It was for use by campers at no charge, and for non-campers just coming in to use the ramp for a small fee. Some 200 yards to the south of this fine ramp were the remnants of another ramp that was destroyed by a pretty vicious nor'easter about seven years ago.

Just across the Amelia River from this point is the confluence of the Amelia and St. Mary's River, the easternmost boundary line between Georgia and Florida.

We got back aboard and pulled just around the point to the massive brick wall that signalled our arrival at old Fort Clinch.

Again, we hauled right into the beach at the fort, and were met by Becker and two or three of his staff, who had come around from the campsite via highway.

Since our visit to Fort Clinch was by boat and not by the standard auto route, we had an unusual entry into the fort . . . through an old gun port hole on the northwest corner of the structure.

Moving into the interior of the fort, Becker told us some of its history. It was begun in 1850 (down-

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right recent as far as Florida history is concerned) and the Confederates took it over at the start of the War Between The States. They abandoned the fort, however, when its defense became unfeasible, and the Feds took over in 1862. It was fortified again during the Spanish-American war, and found limited use during World War II.

One of the most attractive things about this fort, though, and similar structures such as the old fort on Dry Tortugas in the Florida Keys, is the amazing architecture conceived and constructed from brick. We went into one of the "points" of the fort, which served as a battery, and the vaulted roofs were magnificently built. As a matter of fact, as Dr. Miller pointed out, those battery rooms would make tremendous living rooms for a "way out" sort of house today.

We remained at old Fort Clinch for some time, and then cruised on down river in order to make a luncheon date at one of Fernandina Beach's outstanding seafood houses.

Some six miles south of Fernandina, we hauled to port and pulled into the dock of the Sandbar, an eatery that is without peer when it comes to offering tasty morsels from the sea. Forrest Osborne, the genial host, was waiting for us on the dock, and escorted us into a room where we enjoyed a repast that will never be forgotten. Should you come into Fernandina and want to savor the delicacies at the Sandbar, don't eat for a week . . . you'll make up for it here!

We headed south on the Intracoastal through the well marked channel, moving to our next rendezvous with history . . . the old Kingsley Plantation on Fort George Island.

In moving through the Intracoastal, we watched the charts pretty closely, because when you reach Flashing Beacon 46 in Nassau sound, you have to keep a close watch for Beacon 47, which bears to starboard. A move to port will take you out under the bridge and into the Atlantic Ocean.

A run of some 10 miles brought us to Flashing Beacon 72, where a quick left took us up a marked waterway for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, and we came upon the Kingsley Plantation house on the starboard side approaching the northern boundary of Fort George Island.

Getting aboard plantation land was not easy. We had to pull into some rather discouraging looking high grass, and give a pretty hefty vault from boat to shore to clear some mucklands. But we did manage to get ashore, and right in the front yard of the old Kingsley house.

We met another state park attendant here and he gave a short briefing on the past glory and history of the old Kingsley plantation.

Seems Captain John McQueen, during the Revolutionary War, served as a courier for George Washington. He carried confidential messages to LaFayette and Thomas Jefferson. He later became a Spanish subject, became Don Juan McQueen, if you please, and the proud owner, through Spanish grant, of Fort George Island.

He built a small house on the island in 1792 (still standing), but in the course of time and attrition his lands were confiscated by the British, and in 1817 Zephaniah Kingsley, slaver and large landowner, came into possession of the island. Kingsley built the now standing main house (connected with McQueen's smaller house by a covered cross walk) and developed the entire island into an extensive plantation.

Kingsley was a large slave owner, and about a mile past the entrance gates leading into the house grounds proper we came upon 42 old slave houses, or ruins of slave houses, that were built in the early 19th century. These houses were constructed of "tabby," a mixture of oyster shells and water and sand that formed a hard structure that has been able to withstand the ravages of time and weather. In fact, the old carriage house on the plantation is built of tabby and is in an excellent state of repair.

Old Zephaniah was somewhat of a sport, too. Some 10 miles south of his plantation house, he constructed another tabby house for Anna Jai, an African princess whom he married in tribal rites, and their daughter, Fatima. It is said "Mamma



We enjoyed some fairly close-up views of the aircraft carriers "Franklin Roosevelt" and "Saratoga" at berth at Mayport Naval Base.



Moving down the intracoastal from the St. Johns River, we glimpsed low-landing aircraft at the Jax Naval Air Station.



Anna" used to run the place with an iron hand and was in charge of the slaves.

The country surrounding Kingsley Plantation is magnificent. Lush tropic greenery prevails throughout, and it is somewhat difficult to imagine that such a jungle could have at one time been a thriving plantation.

We finally had to leave Kingsley and old Fort George Island, for it was getting dark and we had to run about 15 miles to our over-night stopping point, the Beach Marine Service on the Intracoastal where US Highway 90 crosses the canal.

This is undoubtedly one of the finest and most progressive marinas in the nation today. With huge, floating docks constructed of styrofoam and wood, some covered and others open, the Beach Marine Service marina is the ultimate in water ports. In addition, co-owner Mrs. Fred Woolverton, a rose enthusiast, has surrounded the entire area with huge, magnificently colored roses that will take your breath away. This marina is so popular that every storage slip is rented and there is a waiting list a mile long.

Next morning was gas-up and replenishing time at the marina, and while this was going on the girls were ooohing and aahing about the roses.

We did not head south as previously planned, but turned back north into the Intracoastal for a seven mile run to the St. Johns River. We had to cross this famous stream, coming in the night before in order to beat darkness to the marina. As a result, we had to by-pass Fort Caroline, the Ribault monument, and Mayport, home of the Atlantic Fleet's big carriers.

Passing flashing red beacon 9 on the Intracoastal at the St. Johns, we turned to port and made a two

mile jaunt to the south shore of the river where the exact replica of old Fort Caroline has been built.

This was really reaching back into history. Fort Caroline was constructed by the French Huguenots in 1564 on a knoll on the river shore about five miles from the mouth. This exact spot is no longer in existence, having been destroyed when the river was widened in 1880.

But this replica has been reconstructed in minute detail from the drawings of the French artist LeMoyne, who was among the original garrison of 300 soldiers and sailors and a few women. LeMoyne made graphic illustrations of the building of Fort Caroline, and this present structure matches those details, right down to the curved archway over the gate.

We beached our boats about 50 yards down river from the fort itself to avoid quite a bit of flotsam in the water right in front of the structure.

Upon returning to the boats about two hours later, we found this was a bit of a mistake, as the tide completely left us high and dry. We had to wait a spell for a little water to return and then with Dave and Earl wading into the deep, we managed to swing the boats back into the river for the rest of the trip.

Our tour of Fort Caroline was guided by National Park Ranger John Deweese, who pointed out all the historic aspects of the structure. He then took us via car to the high bluff some distance away where the famous monument to Jean Ribault stands, overlooking the St. Johns River from one of the highest points in the region.

Fort Caroline was actually a small garrison, and its reconstruction is not quite complete. The commandant's quarters in the center are yet to be built,  
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and defending cannon are not yet in place, but probably will be by the time you read this.

From Fort Caroline we moved eastward to make a run past the big Naval base at Mayport. The carriers "Enterprise" and "Saratoga" were in port and we moved in pretty close to get a gander of 'em from the St. Johns.

This particular part of the St. Johns River can get pretty nasty. We were having beautiful weather, but there was a slight wind coming in from the northeast, and with the tide running fast in one direction and the wind from the other, we had some good "busters" hitting at us as we made our way back west to the Intracoastal.

The run from the Beach Marine Service down the Intracoastal to St. Augustine is a calm and pretty thing. Just south of U. S. 90 is the stretch of waterway leading into Palm Valley, and both sides of the canal are lined with houses, cabins, big homes, little homes, camps, and the ever-present docks. Those docks were sticking out into the water like the legs of a centipede, and they presented a rather strange look in that when we passed them they were all high and dry. The Intracoastal here has a tide fluctuation of almost eight feet, and it was peculiar to see all those docks sitting on dry land, with long-lined beached boats looking somewhat forlorn.

About mid-way to St. Augustine, some 15 miles from our starting point, we ran into the sailing yacht "Cyrene," out of Bridgeport, Connecticut. She was fast aground on a sand bar, having wandered a bit from mid-channel. Earl took the Conservation boat in behind the sailboat, secured a line to her stern, and kicked his twin 65's into top speed. In a matter of moments we had cleared the "Cyrene"

from the bar and she was ready to continue northward. A couple of relieved sailors waved a fond "thank you" and were again on their way.

That little bit of delay was extended as Dave's boat broke a steering cable while pulling the yacht off, and we sat on the shore for another hour getting that fixed.

We were finally off and away, though, and it took us little time to pull into St. Augustine.

Coming into the Ancient City via waterway, you pass under a twin-tower bridge where U. S. Highway A1A crosses the Intracoastal. From there, the channel stays pretty much in the center of the Matanzas River, but with the tide moving back in, and since Earl Register lived in St. Augustine and knew the waters well, we cut over behind the islands in the river and headed straight for the tower bastions of old Fort San Marcos, or to be real Spanish, "Castillo de San Marcos."

I sometimes wonder how the conquistadores ever got their heavy bottomed galleons into Matanzas River without scraping barnacles galore, because the river is loaded with sand bars. Undoubtedly they unloaded in mid-stream and came shore via long-boat.

We were lucky, however, as our small boats could nudge right up to the coquina wall that marked the beginning of the fort. We cruised back and forth in front of the massive old structure while Johnny was clicking his shutter, and then moved on to the St. Augustine City Pier, just past the Bridge of Lions that leads from St. Augustine to the beach.

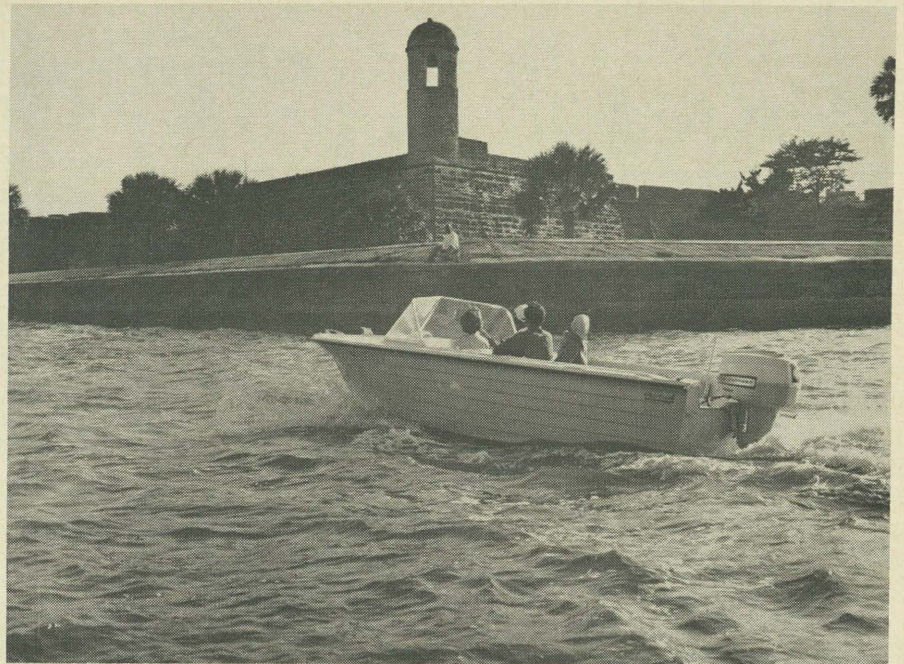
We docked at City Pier and immediately set out on a tour of America's birth place. I suppose millions of words have been written about St. Augustine and its history but none of them can hold a candle light to an actual visit.



Moving through the intracoastal waterway, south of Palm Valley, we encountered low tides that left many of the docks along the route completely high and dry.



Cruising within a stone's throw of the outer wall of the Castillo de San Marcos in St. Augustine.



The restoration project in St. Augustine is making the ancient city take on a new "old" look, same as it did back in the 18th century.



Our first stop, of course, was the Castillo de San Marcos, which was begun in 1672 as one of the New World's strongest bastions. It was not finished until 1756, showing construction in those days was somewhat slower than modern times, mainly, I suppose, because of intermittent skirmishes with Seminole Indians, the British, the French, pirates, yellow fever outbreaks, and numerous other little incidents that could cause some delay.

But the fort was a tremendous stronghold, and even today, almost 300 years later, its coquina walls are as strong as ever. Were we still battling one another with arrows, spears, and small arms, this fort probably would still be an operational one.

Following a tour of the Castillo, our gang made a swing over to the oldest schoolhouse in America, which was constructed in 1778 and is one of the top tourist attractions in the nation today.

We went down old St. George Street, through the famous City Gates, and observed part of St. Augustine's massive restoration program, where the old houses, shops, and buildings of the original Spanish era are being rebuilt to exact specifications. Some of the buildings on St. George Street are already completed, and it is a genuine look into the city's rich past.

We made many more historical stops in St. Augustine by carriage (which is the simplest way for a boating crew to get around the city . . . these carriages and drivers are available for \$2.50 per hour) before wrapping it up and getting back to the boats.

We hauled the craft out at Vilano Beach's ramp, across the river from the City Pier, where some of Earl's boys were awaiting us with trailers and cars to take the boats out.

Should you plan this journey, keep in mind that someone must meet you with a car and trailer at St. Augustine, unless you want to make the run back up to Fernandina. This would be no task, though, for the whole journey was but 78 miles in a straight run.

But visiting these marvelous historic parts of early America's past history by boat is a thrill many people have overlooked. In some respects, it is easier than by car, because you can move in closer to the forts, monuments, and plantations.

It is an unusual journey, and a most unforgettable one. If you're a real boating enthusiast, this is a trip you simply gotta make . . . you'll probably make it again and again! ●





Photo by Bill Hansen



**Florida Bobcat:** Named because of its short, six-inch long tail, the Bobcat is also called Wildcat and Bay Lynx. The "bobtail" is found throughout Florida, in settled areas as well as wilderness swamps and forests. Average weight is 20 pounds, and the height ranges from 20 to 23 inches, at the shoulder.

Although the Bobcat has a reputation as a tough and wily fighter, it prefers peace and quiet, and will

often live its entire life close to human habitation without being discovered.

The Bobcat, a nocturnal creature, sleeping during the daylight hours; is a popular year around target for hunters and hounds to find and chase on after-dark "cat hunts."

Main food for the Bobcat is mice and rats, but also enjoys a menu of rabbits, squirrels, foxes, young pigs and birds.

# FLORIDA'S WILD CATS

BY WALLACE HUGHES





**Florida Panther:** Because of its rarity the Panther has been removed from the hunting list and is now fully protected by law in Florida. Florida is the last remaining stronghold of this sleek animal in the eastern United States, the Everglades being the only area left where it is found in any numbers.

The finding of a panther elsewhere in the state is considered quite unusual, but for those fortunate to see and hear a Panther in the wild, or even locate this cat's tracks, will remember the event as a highlight of field experiences.

Large and powerful, the Panther has been known to kill animals as large as a horse. In Florida the main food is wild hogs, but it will also prey on raccoons, other small animals, birds, insects, and deer, especially those that may be sick and diseased.

Height of the Panther, at the shoulder, is from 26 to 30 inches. Female weights average 100 pounds; the males 140 pounds.

A beautiful animal with yellow eyes, rusty-color upper parts and buffy white underparts, it has a long brown tail tipped with black. The young are gray with dark spots. ●



Photos By Jim Reed





**I**N THE SPORT of hunting, the passing years are supposed to ultimately bring about both skill and good planning.

But every now and then, despite good intent and dedication, there is a hunting trip which seemingly is jinxed from the start, with first one thing and then another going wrong. Most assuredly, one also learns the hard truth of poet Robert Burns' immortal words, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men, Gang aft agley—"

Such was a recent hurriedly undertaken bow-hunting trip to the Citrus Game Management Area.

"What with several of us hunting together, Dame Fortune is sure to smile," one member of the party enthusiastically prophesied. He was right, in a way; a member of the Fortune family did smile in our direction, but it was the unmarried daughter!

We had chosen to camp out, with each man bringing groceries instead of the usual practice of one man doing the meal planning and food purchasing for all. The result was food for a variety of appetites, commodities in questionable quantity and serious omissions. When we unpacked and pooled our groceries, we found that coffee had been completely forgotten. Someone else overlooked packing salt and pepper for the entire party.

Our brand new can-opener broke half way around its first can. Subsequently opened cans were very crudely punched, hacked and worried open.

We had hardly made camp and gotten a fire going before landowner and host Frank Schilling was over to drive home the importance of woods' fire prevention. (A couple of years prior, while camped on the same spot, we had rushed off in the darkness of 5:00 A.M. to get on our deer stands before daylight, carelessly leaving a campfire burning. Frank hadn't liked it a bit. The irritation still rankled strong within him. He said so in no uncertain terms!)

His words would have had much stronger effect

# HARD LUCK HUNT

No smile from Dame Fortune on this hunt



BY  
EDMUND  
MCLAURLIN



on all of us, we are sure, had we not looked back in the direction of Frank's camp and detected an unnatural brightness. During his temporary absence—to admonish us against possible repeat of our careless action—his own campfire had gotten out of bounds.

"My camp's on fire!" he yelled, and started in a bee line for the glow. Fortunately, his campsite was close by and there were many hands to bring the ambitious fire under quick control. Frank, however, has a new nickname—"Fire Chief."

Whimsical eating added to our food problem. Charley—normally a light eater—had a seemingly insatiable appetite this particular trip. Dave liked milk, and a half gallon size carton had been included for him. The only trouble was that, after his first drink, the carton somehow got turned over in the ice chest. The next morning, contents of the bottom section of the chest were swishing around in milk-colored ice water.

Water was a precious commodity around camp; our nearest source of pure water was several miles away. To adequately take care of cooking needs and personal consumption, we filled every possible container with water and thereafter used it judiciously.

However, camp sanitation included the luxury of a shower. This was made from a one gallon plastic Clorox bottle cut off at small of neck and with possibly fifty small holes punched in its bottom to create a shower head.

To use it, one had to invert another gallon container, filled with water, over the improvised shower head. Thereafter, you washed and rinsed—FAST! Your wash-water supply was exactly one gallon. Washing and rinsing without having water supply cut off while still half covered with soap required coordinated timing! One or two in the party never mastered the trick.

Our tent was a large one, capable of accommodating a number of persons for comfortable sleeping. . . . Readers should consider the latter reference merely a figure of speech. We had an assortment of snorers and at least one understudy of Ringo. The tent had all the serenity and silence of a theatrical rooming house!

The sleepers had an embrasive range of sound effects. The grunting and snorting of a Florida wild hog was duplicated with astonishing and naturalness. There was a good imitation of a jet diving sharply from 40,000 feet, with sudden pull-up. (I was credited with this performance!) A restless sleeper gave a dramatic performance of refighting the War Between the States. . . .

One member of the party had a small radio. He was so interested in getting the latest news of Khrushchev's troubles and the weather reports that



Drawings By Wallace Hughes

The can opener broke on the first try and remaining cans were crudely punched, hacked and worried open.

he kept the thing on all night, even when he was cat-napping. After midnight the distant stations, in earlier time zones, came in especially loud and clear. . . .

We didn't have an alarm clock. At intervals—11:20, 1:43, 3:01 and 4:12 A.M., Dave asked if it was time to get up. (On his first bowhunt, he was especially anxious that we not fail to leave camp and be in the woods before daylight. His concern didn't do much good. When we did manage to leave early and get to our chosen hunting area before day, the morning fog was so thick we couldn't see thirty feet around our stands.)

One of the party proved to be a true Nature Boy. He could be seen heading for thick clumps of brush at all hours.

Charley is a strong advocate of camouflage when hunting wary game. In the woods, he wears camouflage attire from head to foot, his slip-over-head hood and face mask giving him the appearance of some Halloween character. . . . The one thing he overlooked on this particular trip was his brand new big, Western style belt buckle he proudly wore every minute of his waking hours. Every time the sun's rays hit the shiny metal buckle at an angle, it flashed light in the woods like a heliograph. The flashes could be seen at incredible distances; we pitied any poor Navy signalman on duty at Pensa-

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cola, who might see and attempt to decipher the flashing signals. . . . Incidentally, Charley didn't see any deer the entire trip.

Charley has a cardiac condition. We repeatedly have to plead with him to climb hills more slowly and seek a helping hand when loading or unloading heavy objects. He just won't listen. His wife is aware of this obstinacy, too, and tries to see that he carries medication with him. On this trip Charley finally admitted, "Possibly I'm going a little too hard." He fished out his vial of pills and took several. . . . The only trouble was that by mistake his wife had packed the tiny vial with tranquilizers. Charley spent the afternoon trying to stay awake.

But Charley had other hunting trip troubles. . . .

The first morning he left his folding stool and his camouflage head-net back at the camp.

The second day, while we were eating lunch and exchanging roadside gossip, his bow broke. One minute it was resting idly on top of one of the cars; the next, it was leaping in the air like a thing alive. Examination showed that the mid-day heat had caused the upper limb of a brand new—and expensive—bow to break. Luckily, Charley had a spare.

It is tiring to stand in one spot for several hours. It is also hard to be continually *still* when standing. To help solve both problems, most of us carry folding camp stools into the woods.

George forgot to bring his from home. Dave left his in the woods on one occasion and had to go back two miles to get it.

Mine suddenly developed a groaning voice. The slightest change of sitting position would cause the taunt canvas seat to emit highly audible and undesirable sounds. George complained that he could hear the stool protesting. He accused me of being overweight. "Not so!" I said. "Doctor says I weigh two pounds less than I did two years ago!"

But he was right about the seat. Somehow it has acquired vocal qualities.

Anise oil, used in candy making, baking, and by fur trappers making sets along a trap line, is the smelliest stuff imaginable. It has a known fascination for most fish and also is definitely odor-concealing for any bowhunter anxious to keep his own body scent from sensitive nostrils. But it must be used sparingly—a drop or two is *plenty*!

We had a small bottle of the potent liquid among our archery tackle. It had been left over from a hunt of several seasons past, and the label was long gone from the bottle. A member of the party opened the bottle curiously, but with screw cap in low angle position. The developing trickle chanced to



Washing and rinsing without having the water supply cut off, while covered with soap, took coordinated timing.

hit Jack's hunting coat and my camouflage hood. Two days later the odor of oil of anise was still strong. Companions were careful not to get downwind of us when we were all assembled.

George happens to be small of stature and willowy as a weasel. He also has a hunting clothes' problem. Even when he buys small size camouflage hunting pants, his wife has to generously take in the waist. The result is that the two normally spaced hip pockets become kissing cousins. At times, George will cross his hands behind himself, like a bent over ice skater. Putting a hand into each hip pocket, with hands crossed, is easy for him.

Generally, he teams with Jack when hunting, the two taking stands some fifty yards apart. For some strange reason their choices of locations *always* seem to be within rock-throwing distance of my chosen spot, but we seldom discover this until after daylight, when all are on respective stands and settled down.

Then along about nine o'clock of a morning hunt, George has to begin a series of short visits with Jack. George covers the separating distances with what he thinks is close resemblance to noiseless pussy-footing, but which actually emulates a bulldozer playing hopscotch in slow motion.

When the two finally get together they crouch down close to the ground and converse in guttural whispers that would arouse jealousy in a male bull-



frog. George usually emphasizes major elements of the conservation by gesturing in different directions, like a Boy Scout learning the semaphore code. On other occasions, he may sneak a few relaxing puffs on a prized pipe that has the aroma and range of smoke discharged from a pulp paper mill.

Roadside assembly at the noon hour is customary among our group. Talk runs the gamut of subjects, and touches various levels. This trip it ranged from such subjects as the Book of Genesis versus science, differences in world religions, the true causes of the War Between The States, the decline of good deer hunting in the Citrus Game Management Area, personal experiences of World Wars I and II, women, effective remedies for red bugs, to assorted gripes.

Deer of any kind were few and far between, and legal bucks were exceptionally hard to find. Only through continuous hunting from dawn to dusk, and perserverance, did *some* of us get shots.

My one chance came around noon of the fourth day. I spotted movement in the brush fifty yards from my stand. It was a deer, but the thick patch of brush made antler determination impossible. When the animal finally crossed a small opening, I could see that it was a buck, but his crossing was too fast for a shot. Swinging drawn bow ahead to another opening, I released the arrow as soon as the

buck's head came into view. The missile had beautiful, straight-on-course flight until about four feet from the deer. Then, it brushed an oak twig and a couple of attached leaves and was deflected slightly. Even so, I am sure that the animal was hit, although there was no developing blood trail in substantiation.

Never have I seen a deer take off so fast! Later I concluded that the arrow point just nicked its flank, much like human contact with a Spanish bayonet plant.

The arrow had traveled a narrow, well-defined lane and the ground was fairly clear of tall grass and bushes. When the arrow could not be found despite a determined search by two of us, a hit was logically assumed and the fleeing deer's trail followed up. However, nothing tangible resulted.

Meanwhile, companions were raising strong objections to my attempts to find both arrow (one of Garland Creason's finest creations) and deer. They wanted me to assume I had missed, and again settle down to motionless vigil. Personal popularity was momentarily at low ebb. . . .

George and Dave also missed bucks when their only chances came afer long, long hours of waiting for a shot. Their targets were moving even faster than my lone stranger! The other members of the party didn't see anything at all—bucks or does!

Leaving the Area the last day, one of the cars got stuck in the sugar-like sand. We thought we'd never get it out; meanwhile, the cars behind it couldn't pass the critical spot.

En route home, after breaking camp, George had a flat tire. When he started to make the change, he found he had forgotten to put back the tire-jack when he last cleaned out the trunk compartment. Also, his long unused spare tire lacked air. He was at least five miles from road service, and behind all of us.

Miss Fortune had another—special—smile for Dave and me. We were high-balling it home, first one car ahead and then the other, when we encountered a State Highway Patrol roadblock on U. S. #19. We were waved to roadside stop. "Just a traffic control check," the approaching officer politely stated. "May I see your licenses?" We gladly and quickly complied.

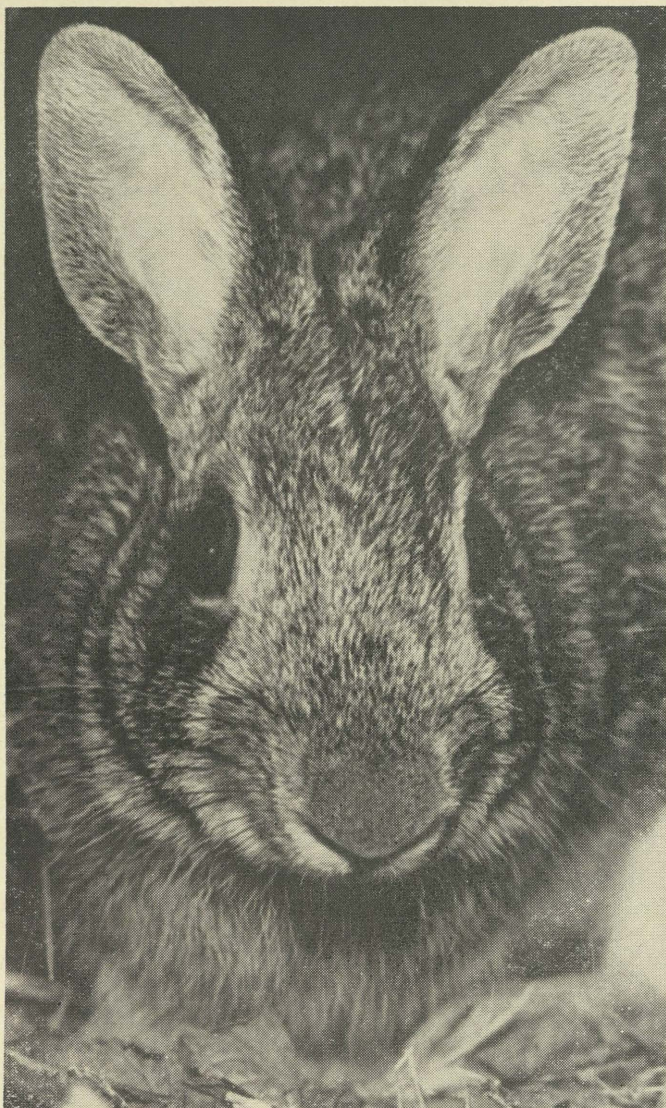
Our smiles faded, however, when he added, "The reason we stopped you two was because our observation plane radioed that you were traveling 80 miles an hour a few miles back. The legal limit is 65, you know." He wrote us separate tickets. . . .

Though his biography makes no mention of it, Robert Burns undoubtedly was a hunter. Only through personal experience could he have been inspired to write with such accuracy in the closing line of the seventh stanza of "To A Mouse." ●

Charley was plagued with all kinds of trouble. His bow broke on the second day. Luckily, he had a spare along.







**Cottontail Rabbit**

THE COTTONTAIL and Marsh Rabbits offer sport and meat on the table for everybody, from farm boys with box traps and light caliber guns, to the more elite hunter with Beagle hound packs. The Cottontail prefers dry ground and brushy tangles. Marsh Rabbits like the water edge, and are excellent swimmers.

The Raccoon, abundant throughout Florida, is found in a variety of habitats from the seashore to interior swamps, and wooded areas in towns. The running and treeing of 'coons with trained hounds is a popular pastime. Only small numbers of Raccoons are trapped commercially.

General trapping and "off-season" regulations appear in the general Hunting Season Rules Summary, available at County Judge's offices.



**Raccoon**

Photo By Leonard Lee Rue III

Both Cottontail and Marsh Rabbits are considered game animals, but may be hunted the year-round by properly LICENSED hunters. Hunting licenses are now sold on a yearly basis, from July 1, through June 30, and are required to hunt rabbits, and the following unprotected animals: Fox, Bobcat, Raccoon, Opossum and Skunk.

**Licensed hunters can hunt these  
critters the year 'round**

# No Closed

**Marsh Rabbit**

Photos By Wallace Hughes







**Opossum**

Photo By Wallace Hughes

## Season

THE OPOSSUM can be 'specially prepared for the table along with sweet potatoes by those who have developed such tastes. A small number of 'possum hides find their way into the fur trade despite low prices.

The Gray Fox furnishes great sport for the hound-dog fraternity, and many a moonlit night in Florida is spent in pursuit of this agile, tree-climbing member of the dog family.

The Spotted Skunk, along with its kin the Striped Skunk, is generally avoided by men and other creatures because of its touchy-triggered stench gun. Some hardy trappers with lots of experience trap a few skunks for the small value of their handsome hides. Spotted Skunks are better known as Civet Cats. *Wallace Hughes*



**Gray Fox**

Photo By Leonard Lee Rue III

### Spotted Skunk

Photo By Karl Maslowski





## Hunting-Trials-Training



By JIM FLOYD

**A** TWICE TOLD TALE that struck my fancy was the one about the quail hunter that lost his pointer while out hunting. A year later, the same hunter chanced to be hunting in the same vicinity and stumbled across the skeleton of his dog. Five feet in front of the remains the hunter also found the skeleton of a covey of quail. Apparently the pointer could have been classified as a pretty staunch dog and very capable of holding his birds.

Chances are this story would never have been created had the hunter been using one of the latest developments to enter the bird hunting field.

In the November issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* there appeared a feature on the latest in game management described as "telemetry research" or sound tracking white tail deer. In essence the operation is placing a radio transmitter on a deer and then following it with a directional receiver. This telemetry research has now entered the quail hunting picture or rather the quail dog hunting picture.

Yes, an application of space age electronic principles used in missiles, weaponry and wildlife management is now applied to one of man's most deeply satisfying sports—hunting. Telemetry, the radio transmission of information from a remote source, locates dogs in dense brush and high grass when they are on point and follows them when they are moving and working birds.

A transistorized, 3-ounce transmitter on the dog's collar sends signals to a pocket-size direction receiver carried by the hunter. Two signals are transmitted, variable and steady. The variable signal interprets the dog's movements and the steady signal tells instantly when he stops and goes on point, even though the hunter may never see his dog from the time he starts hunting until after the birds are flushed.

The dog is completely unaware of the transmission and needs no special training.

Named the "Seeker" this little gem is manufactured by Trak Microwave Corporation, Tampa, Florida, whose primary product is microwave energy sources for military and space applications.

New radio "Seeker" contact with hunting dogs helps locate pointer, and game

The rugged standards required in missile components and their miniature size are incorporated in the "Seeker." It is powered by transistor radio batteries and comes in two models, the "Setter-Seeker" with a range up to one-quarter mile and the "Pointer-Seeker," range to one-half mile.

What value would the deer hunter place on this gadget? It would seem interesting to the deer hunter that spends one day hunting deer and three days hunting dogs. Interested hunters may obtain free information on the "Seeker" by requesting a copy of the operation manual from Trak Microwave Corporation, P. O. Box 15556, Tampa, Florida, 33-614.

### Dog Foods

WHEREVER DOG FOLKS gather the question of "what do you feed your dogs?" will sooner or later creep into the conversation. I guess this is the result of a constant search for a better dog food. Although the owner of a winning dog may endorse a certain product and cause the owner of a losing dog to switch dog foods, I doubt very much that the change of foods will make a winner.

The truth of the matter is, almost all of the commercial dog foods on the market today are good dog foods and good for your dog. Some have a little higher protein or fat than others, but the majority will provide your dog with a complete and balanced diet.

Many dog owners, breeders and veterinarians feel that commercial dog foods must be supplemented to provide complete nutrition. The direct opposite may be true. In fact, supplementation may actually cause nutritionally induced abnormalities. Here is how a few of the more frequently used supplements can produce imbalances.

Raw eggs are sometimes fed continuously to add luster and firmness to the dog's coat. However, they can actually cause hair loss and dermatitis and affect growth in puppies. This is because egg whites contain the enzyme avidin which ties up the vitamin biotin which is essential to good coat condition and growth. If eggs are cooked the avidin is rendered harmless.





When the hunter loses sight of his moving dog in dense brush country, the tone of the signal from his "Seeker" notifies immediately when the dog goes on point. The hunter can then head for the unseen dog quickly, and unerringly for the kill.

The addition of excess supplemental calcium to an adequate diet can produce hypercalcemia causing abnormal bone and teeth development. An example of this, especially in young growing dogs, is rickets. For normal development in dogs, a calcium-phosphorous ration of 1.2 to 1 is optimum. Additional calcium may throw this delicate ration off and also prevent efficient assimilation and utilization of other minerals.

Cod liver oil as a source of vitamins A and D may, when fed in excess, produce vitamin D toxicosis. For normal bone and teeth formation, vitamin D must be supplied in proper proportion along with calcium and phosphorous. Abnormal bone development in growing dogs and soft tissue calcification can take place with excess vitamin D.

High levels of supplemental vitamin A can cause toxicity and death. Too much vitamin A can make the bones vulnerable to erosion and injury. Curiously, the symptoms of too much vitamin A are similar to those found in deficiencies.

Most commercial dog foods contain sufficient quantities of vitamins and minerals, plus other natural ingredients necessary for normal good health. Occasionally, an individual dog may have a need for a specific nutrient that is higher than average, but these cases are exceptional. More and more dog owners discover that supplementation offers no particular advantage to their dogs and may actually prove harmful.

I had to chuckle at one dog food salesman who referred to feeding table scraps as feeding garbage, and at the butcher who advised that he did not have any dog bones, plenty of beef bones but no dog bones.

### Food and Learning

"If YOU'RE GOOD, you can have some ice cream" is a bribe that has been used for ages to control children. Similar food has been used to influence dogs as rewards for performing tricks, work or in the show ring.

Dogs respond to many different stimuli. Psychologists have listed four strongest "drives" of dogs as: 1. Maternal drive, 2. Thirst, 3. Hunger, 4. Sex. The third most powerful, hunger, has been used as a standard inducement in dog training work for centuries. Modern man still uses this drive plus the dog's desire to please his master to urge him to respond.

Dr. Leon Whitney, famed for his long time work with the psychology, genetics, and physiology of dogs, used this drive to teach dogs difficult tricks in a matter of minutes. His book, "The Natural Method of Dog Training," describes these techniques. Dog trainers frequently encounter dogs that have been made gun shy. About the only way they advocate overcoming this problem is with the use of short periods of hunger, then when the dogs are fed, a cap pistol is fired some distance away coming closer each time. Most dogs apparently develop a tolerance for loud noises under this plan. This method of training appears harsh, but it demonstrates the power to the hunger drive.

Dogs like to have attention lavished on them and prefer the participation type in which they can run, retrieve, wrestle or in some manner enter into the activities. Most dogs trained for the show ring develop this to a high degree and look forward to the small tidbits received from the handler. The small particles mean a lot more to the dog than just the nutrients in the tidbit. It represents a combination of food, contact with the handler, and a demonstration of attention to the dog. All of this tends to make mature dogs more cooperative.

Dogs in the home soon learn that by the acceptance or rejection of food, they can influence the owner or housewife to react differently. It isn't unusual to observe someone trying to coax a dog to eat his food after it has been served. Some dogs, especially when they are overfed, will "tease" the owner by not eating and then when the owner is out of sight they will eat.

Food rewards when given for correct retrieval or activity can create a positive attitude in dogs. This method has been used in visual discrimination learnings by psychologists, and by dog trainers in all phases of dog work to promote maximum dog response in training. ●



## FISHING

(Continued from page 7)

It was on toward morning when my wife Debie sighted a faint red glow in Fisheating Creek and, miraculously, it developed the gleam was caused by a flashlight-battery-powered auxiliary tail-light on the undamaged trailer. It was partly afloat, far out in the creek whence it had leaped as the ball hitch came loose bringing the safety chain with it.

The water was chilly but I was so thankful to have gotten off so easily that I spent most of the rest of the dark hours happily fishing the boat and trailer out of the water and winching them up the steep grade to the roadway.

So if my trailer hitches and safety chains look like railway coupling devices, I have my reasons.

---

"SYSTEMS" ARE generally viewed with suspicion but a real fishing-gear-gatherer needs one.

I do a lot of kinds of fishing, which means I have collected gadgets, lures and dinguses in such numbers I don't even know I own half of them.

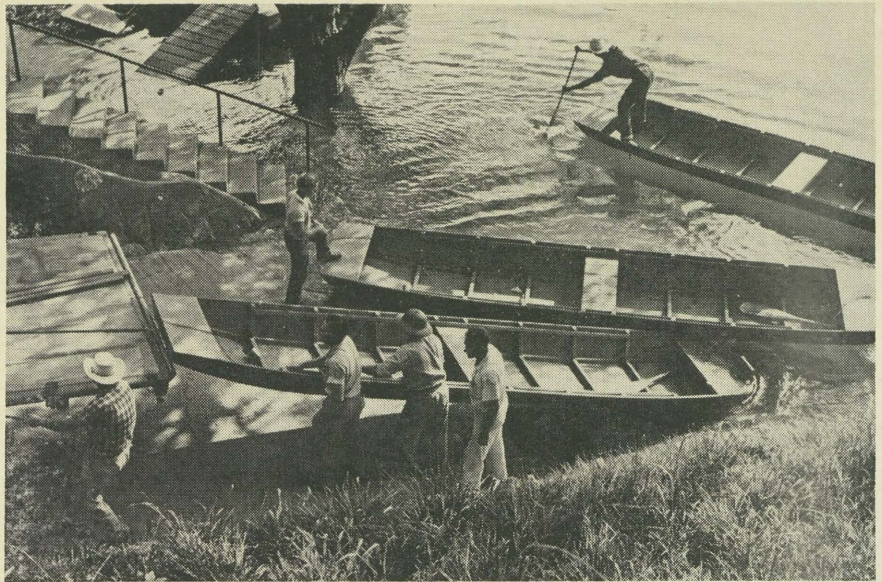
Instead of simplifying my fishing, this complicates the whole thing.

I have a salt water box, a fresh water box, boxes of things I use sometimes, boxes of things I may need, boxes of things I have no use for and two big cabinets of stuff that should have been thrown away years ago.

I've tried every conceivable method of getting to the right place with the right tackle but generally forget something I want and take something I don't want.

Perhaps the best system of all is to simply keep a tackle box that is empty until you're ready to make a trip. Then, from your stock of equipment, select what you're going to need for that specific journey. When you come back, put the gear away again.

This method has the advantage of keeping you up-to-date on



The "johnboat" is an effective demonstration of the maneuverability of the long, slender craft.

what you have, what you need to get and what you should throw away.

The really priceless and infallible method is to spend a couple of hours making written lists of what you need for various kinds of fishing, post them in a good place and refer to them just before leaving.

I have made up such lists painstakingly and have them stuck on the wall in the "tackle room." Except for the fact that I seldom ever use them, they solve the problem beautifully.

---

FROM THE STATISTICS I've read and from the conversations I've had I sincerely believe that licensing the operators of outboard boats—or other small fishing craft—would serve no useful purpose.

There has been agitation in that direction but, in a recent meeting in Florida, small boat administrators from several Southern states resolved that they were opposed to such legislation.

The Outboard Boating Club of America, a manufacturer's association, is opposed to licensing of small boat operators. Their argument is that boating accidents are decreasing on a proportional basis and I don't know of a better one.

I believe the boatmen who need a bit more regulation are private operators of the larger inboards driving their own boats. I say that because it seems that owners of the larger cruisers get into trouble pretty frequently.

One of the chief shortcomings of any licensing procedure is the cost of administering it. It is the nature of government agencies to latch on to any kind of tax funds found drifting around loose and, if you charged a \$1 licensing fee, I predict that it would take about that much to get the licenses printed and distributed and give the necessary tests. If you charged \$5, it would then take about that much to get the licenses piped to the boatmen. If you charged \$10—

I'm trying not to be crochety about it but that's the way it works and any agency administrator who doesn't scratch for all the money he can get would soon have neither an agency nor a job.

So let's hope the operator's licensing idea is forgotten.

---

LAUNCHING BOATS from steep ramps can be greatly simplified if you'll install a hand throttle on your car, providing you don't have an automatic transmission.



Ready to haul the boat out, you need one foot for the clutch, one for the brake and one for the gas—more than the usual quota per fisherman.

Lack of the extra foot has put quite a few boatmen in the drink, automobile and all.

The hand throttle (which costs less than a second-hand reel) enables you to wind 'er up before letting in the clutch and avoids stalling.

The alternative is a good, trustworthy hand brake, something uncommon on modern cars. Unless your emergency is checked and tightened regularly, chances are it's about as reliable as a campaign promise.

---

POCKET KNIVES for fishermen are hard to keep from rusting. Although most stainless steel blades are pretty hard to sharpen, I suspect stainless is the best bet. I've rusted up quite a few knives to the point that it took a screwdriver to open them.

Although it will rust, I have an L. L. Bean pocket knife that's pretty handy. It's 4½ inches long when the single blade is folded and it's big enough for efficient fish cleaning.

Some of the fishermen's knives on the market have attachments ranging from can openers to scissors. The usual Boy Scout type is a little heavy in your pocket. Hardy, the British firm, makes a lighter weight knife that costs about \$13 and has most of the tools you'd want; not stainless.

There are some floating sheath knives with cork handles, made for fishermen and divers. Nothing at all wrong with those.

Most people who fillet fish like a long, fairly slender blade, not too thick. A "boning knife" is a good choice. Ordinary butcher knives are a little thick but quite usable.

A small whetstone will work for both hooks and knife if you don't let the blade get too dull, when a full sized stone is called for. ●

## MUZZLE FLASHES

*(Continued from page 9)*

powder remained unchanged for centuries.

The first smokeless powder was produced in 1867 by Johann Schultz, a captain in the Prussian artillery.

**What is the best way to examine a gun bore to determine its true condition?**

First of all, the bore must be entirely free of oil or grease; otherwise, you will get a false impression from your look-see.

Second, in order to see the barrel's interior you must somehow reflect light into it. You can hold it up to a light or, better still, insert the light-conducting Lucite tube of a battery operated Bore-Light into the muzzle. Another good bore examining device is the Bore-Skope, an optical grade, light gathering glass prism contained in a plastic housing that is inserted in opened breech.

Your local sporting goods dealer can order either product for you, if he does not regularly stock bore-examining devices.

**I feel the recoil of my 12 gauge, pump-action shotgun very much. Is there any way I can reduce its jarring effect?**

Fitting a Lyman-Cutts compensator to the muzzle will reduce felt recoil about 30%. Addition of a Pachmayr thick rubber recoil pad to the butt of the stock will also help. The two make a great recoil reducing team!

You should also check all gun-stock dimensions for good gun fit; there is a strong possibility that you are feeling excessive recoil because of poor stock fit, probably too much drop at heel.

Hydro-Coil, a newly engineered system of recoil reduction, can be incorporated in the stock of your shotgun, but it would be expensive gunsmithing.

**I have a new Marlin Model 336 which loads its extra cartridges**

**in a magazine tube. I am using pointed style bullets and am completely filling the magazine. Somewhere I heard this rifle is not safe. Is it?**

There is nothing wrong with the safety factor of the rifle; Marlin makes good guns. Your danger lies in your selection and loading of cartridges.

Spitzer style bullets were never intended to be used in tubular magazine rifles, where pointed nose of one bullet will rest against the sensitive primer of a cartridge loaded ahead of it. Dropping the gun, hard jolts or even fast mechanical operation may cause the sharp point of an unfired cartridge to explode the cartridge ahead of it.

In the Marlin 336, and in any other rifle model where cartridges are loaded bullet point against primer of next cartridge, only blunt nose bullet loads should be used, for reasons of safety.

**I have just acquired an old Remington Model 10 pump-action shotgun. It appears to be in good condition and a desirable arm. Why was it discontinued?**

You own a skeleton out of the Remington family closet of guns!

The Model 10 pump-action had the commendable feature of ejecting its fired shells from bottom of receiver, but also had inclusion of a complicated and highly temperamental carrier that had to be critically adjusted or else it simply would not work. Another fault of the Remington Model 10 was likely ejector breakage.

The model should not be confused with the improved and now also discontinued Remington Model 17, which also ejected its fired cases from bottom of receiver.

In vastly improved form, the latter is now the Ithaca Model 37 shotgun. Ithaca picked up the Remington patents when they ran out, salvaged practical mechanical features and combined them with improvements recommended by its own gun designers. ●



## CONSERVATION SCENE

(Continued from page 4)

and 2,000 years old, is in private ownership and can be cut for lumber.

Writing in the December-January issue of *NATIONAL WILDLIFE*, bi-monthly magazine published by the National Wildlife Federation for its more than 150,000 associate members, California outdoor writer Don Carlos Miller supports the proposal to establish a Redwoods National Park. His hard-hitting feature, "Last Stand of the Red Giants," describes the vulnerable giants, traces the history of the original forest, and emphasizes the fact that less than 80 square miles of virgin growth remains.

The current issue of the country's most colorful outdoor magazine also includes an outstanding photo essay on the relationships between God, man and natural resources; a full-length article on the unique land and water resources of Hawaii; outstanding close-up portraits of wildlife photographed by Les Blacklock; and an unusual story of the many ways in which domesticated geese have benefited mankind over the past 2,400 years.

From the bright red cardinal on the front cover to the soft colors of frosted windowpanes on the back, the December-January issue of *NATIONAL WILDLIFE* depicts the natural beauty of the Christmas season. Information on how to receive the magazine and become an associate member can be obtained by writing: National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

### Recreation and Politics

WHEN INCREASED population and increased automation combine to bring greater leisure to a majority of the American people, what part can and should the Federal government play in satis-

fying the needs of the average citizen?

Arnold W. Green, a writer who has specialized on the contemporary scene, believes that the government will find itself greatly limited in this field, especially as to which agency is the appropriate one to direct and control specific activities. In "Recreation, Leisure, and Politics," published today by McGraw-Hill, he discusses the many issues of incorporating them within any single area of government responsibility.

Conflict of interest between groups, each seeking in a different way to serve the public, is a recurring problem. Mr. Green cites the case of the conservationists who would preserve the wilderness for future generations, vs. the highway experts responding to a widely proclaimed demand for more freeways, and the National Park Service noting the desire of campers for telephones and toilets even while claiming to prefer the untouched wild.

He points out that surveys reveal that people from city slum areas, supposedly those the most "in need" of outdoor recreation, are actually the most likely not to be interested in it, even when transportation and other charges are kept to a minimum. In such instances it should also be realized that these poorer taxpayers are being assessed a share of the expenses for recreational opportunities which are, in the end, enjoyed mainly by their relatively well-to-do compatriots.

He discusses the role played by industry in the field of recreation, and argues that there are areas in which business can do a more efficient job than can a government agency, especially because of its ability to adjust to the public's changing fads—mah-jongg at one moment, bowling at another (now waning, apparently).

A case could be made, Mr. Green recognizes, for the proposition that "the masses" could utilize their lesiure time in "bet-

ter ways" than those they presently seek. Doubtless, the same could be said about everyone who has ever discussed the issue, he admits. "But if the term free society is to be anything more than a dreary cliché, who has appointed whom to be his fellow citizen's timekeeper?"

"Recreation, Leisure, and Politics" is priced at \$5.95.

### Waterfowl Programs

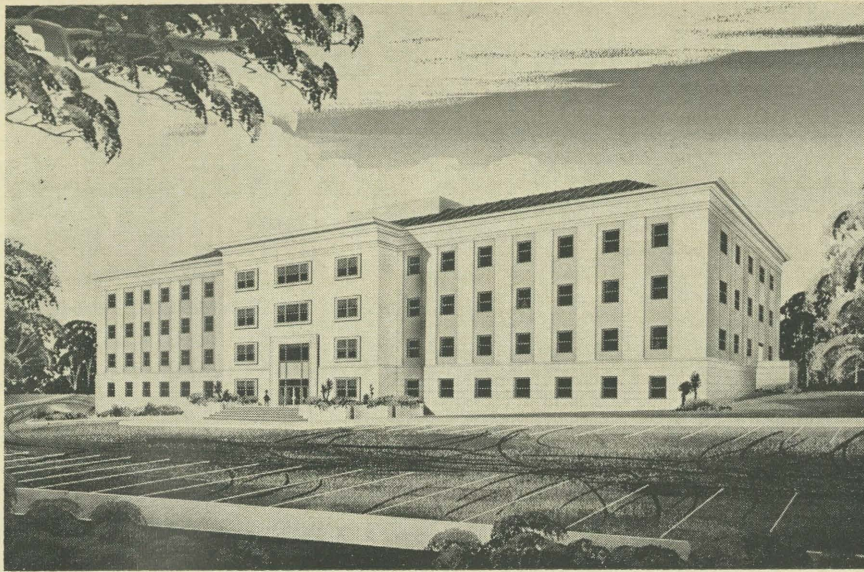
THE DIRECTION OF waterfowl programs in the U. S. and Canada may be charted in a recently released report of the International Migratory Bird Committee, composed of high-level representatives of the governments of both countries. The committee, formed in May 1961, was directed to "lay the groundwork for effective cooperation between Canada and the U. S. in migratory bird management."

The report reveals that expanded information programs are underway in both countries. In the U. S. this has been accompanied by the preparation and printing of leaflets describing the national waterfowl refuge program, a statement of needs for waterfowl research and management investigations, speedier dissemination of research findings, large-scale distribution of a waterfowl identification leaflet, and by program staffing. Canada has issued a brochure describing waterfowl problems, accelerated its press services, and is completing a color motion picture on waterfowl and their habitat.

The U. S. hopes to accelerate wetlands preservation in the vital north-central States area, and more progress is anticipated because of recent authorization of in-lieu tax payments to counties. Canada has conducted a pilot project resulting in 20-year leasing agreements on 1,184 potholes totaling 1,011 acres in Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

The U. S. in 1952 initiated a program to get improved infor-





Three state agencies are making plans to move into the new Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Building. In addition to all administration offices of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, the new Tallahassee Capitol Center building will be shared by the Florida Sheriffs Bureau, and the Florida Division of Corrections. "Moving time" is now scheduled for soon after February 1, 1965.

mation on the hunter harvest of waterfowl. Canada has approved such a survey in principle, but has delayed implementing it pending completion of consideration for instituting a federal migratory bird hunting license.

Both countries are experimenting with programs to encourage landowners to retain wetlands for waterfowl. Both also have various research efforts underway. In summary, the committee recommended that all efforts be continued; that Canada begin planning for a major program of controlling waterfowl habitat; that Canada initiate a migratory bird harvest survey; and that both countries continue and improve "liaison and cooperative action" between agricultural and wildlife interests.

#### New Recreation Sites

FORTY-EIGHT RECREATION sites have been opened to the public and 70 more are planned along canals and conservation areas managed by the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District.

This was announced December

17, by Riley S. Miles of Kissimmee, Chairman of the FCD Governing Board, in a year-end report on public recreation.

Eleven new boat ramps were constructed in the past year, Miles said. Three of them are in Palm Beach County; three in Broward County; two each in Osceola and Okeechobee Counties; and one in Glades County.

West of Miami, two fish management areas, each three miles long, were recently opened to the public north of Tamiami Trail, just west of Krome Avenue. The so-called "fish ponds" were developed by the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in cooperation with Dade County and the Flood Control District. They are located in the southeastern corner of FCD Conservation Area 3, a short drive west of Miami.

Crappies (pronounced "crop-pies") may reach a length of 4½ inches by the end of the first year, 8½ inches the second year, and just under 10 inches by the third year. Not all three-year old crappies in Florida are 10 inches long, but this is a good average.

In Dade County three additional boat ramps are to be built by the Game Commission in early 1965 along the Tamiami Trail. They will provide new points of access into the southern end of Conservation Area 3. Another fish management area is also contemplated on the east side of the Conservation Area, along Krome Avenue Extension, near Milton Thompson County Park.

In Broward County, eight recreation sites are now open to the public. They provide access to more than 1,000 square miles of Everglades swamplands and canal systems in FCD Conservation Areas 2 and 3. Currently, two large concession sites are being developed along U.S. Highway 27—one near FCD pumping station 9 on the South New River Canal, seven miles north of the Dade County line; the other north of Andytown on the east side of U.S. 27. Filling and grading of these sites is nearly completed and bids for concession developments should be advertised in the next few weeks. The Game Commission has up to \$150,000 available for each site, to be matched on a 50-50 basis by successful bidders. If the full amount is matched by concessionaires, each site will represent a \$300,000 development. They should be open to the public in the first half of 1965.

John Stretch, FCD recreation director, explained that some 20 state and federal agencies, county and city governmental bodies, have been cooperating with the District in the 18-county recreational program.

Negotiations are now underway for development of 24 of the 70 new sites proposed throughout the District, Stretch said.

A pamphlet, "Million Acre Playground," describing recreation areas in southeast Florida, and a map of present and proposed sites throughout the FCD, are available free on request to the FCD, P.O. Box 1671, West Palm Beach, Fla. ●



# Annual Recreation Permit

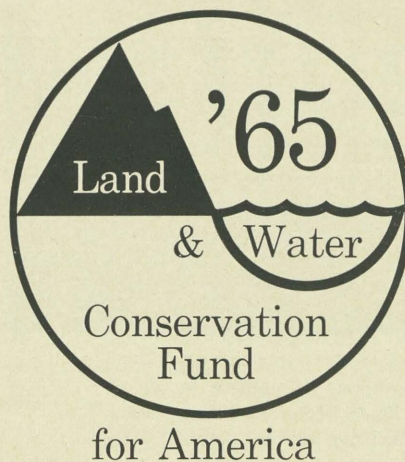
THE DESIGN of the first Recreation/Conservation sticker that will be issued under the new Land and Water Conservation Fund Act was made public December 27, by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.

Printed in green ink on white paper, the sticker measures 3" x 3" and is designed so it may be affixed to the front bumper of an automobile where it can be easily seen at check points where Federal outdoor recreation fees are charged.

Key words of the insignia are "Outdoor Recreation for America" and "Land and Water Conservation Fund."

Price of Recreation/Conservation sticker is now under consideration. Legislation under which the annual fee is authorized speci-

## Outdoor Recreation



fies the cost of an annual admission fee cannot exceed seven (\$7) dollars.

The 1965 Recreation/Conservation sticker will go on sale this

year and will be valid for a period of 12 months.

The Recreation/Conservation sticker is an annual recreation permit. It entitles the holder and all other occupants of a private noncommercial automobile to enter certain designated National Park Service areas, National Forest areas, National Wildlife Refuges, and other Federal recreation areas where an entrance fee is required.

The sticker may be used for as many visits as the holder makes to any or all of such areas. Purchase of the sticker is optional. A single-entry or weekly fee may be paid instead. The annual permit saves money for persons who visit such areas more than a few times a year. The sticker is expected to be popular with family groups. ●

## CONSERVATION CONSCIENCE

*(Continued from page 5)*

end up with a desire to explore new fields and much humility. Technicians and scientists can be as narrow and unimaginative as week-end picnickers are superficial; with all its ramifications, true conservation is more of an art than a science.

Job opportunities and fancy salaries in no way develop the conservation conscience. The PULL of nature to its wonder world must precede them. The entire and overpowering mysteries of nature must have an impact on the emotions of those who would participate. This does not imply that emotions should be transcendent and uncontrolled, or narrow and bigoted.

In nature there is recognized

the original basic law: The survival of the fittest. Man recognizes that certain natural conflicts should run their course. He even encourages some; but he attempts to control others. These controls are not always intelligently applied. Many times they are detrimental to some resources and to long-term husbandry. This shows a lack of harmony between man and his environment.

For himself, man establishes a different set of rules—no survival of the fittest, no controls of human populations. It is here that conservation education can prove its worth. How can lessons in flycasting or boat handling be called conservation when such basic truths are being neglected?

Man presses forward to create a civilization which would set him apart from nature. He defies

the natural laws too often, and in so doing may bring about his own destruction. Yet to a greater or lesser degree, and in spite of all his stumbling efforts, he still recognizes certain values in survival fitness in the husbandry of resources. This is also recognized in domestic husbandry.

Some of these earthy lessons are better told in the country school than in the halls of universities; many are better defined in the growing trend of summer work camps than by public and private agencies. Nor does the size of a convention or its oratory necessarily indicate a profundity of these simple truths.

Conservation education is like gold: "It's where you find it."

It is spread across the face of the land for all those with perception and humility to see. ●



FOR THAT  
BIG ONE -



## FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

Only fishing citation applications received within  
90 days from date of catch will be honored.

### APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Species \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_ Length \_\_\_\_\_

Type of Tackle \_\_\_\_\_

Bait or Lure Used \_\_\_\_\_

Where Caught \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ County

Date Caught \_\_\_\_\_ Catch Witnessed By \_\_\_\_\_

Registered, Weighed By \_\_\_\_\_ At \_\_\_\_\_

(Signature of Applicant)

### ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

#### LARGEMOUTH BASS

.....8 pounds or larger

#### CHAIN PICKEREL

.....4 pounds or larger

#### BLUEGILL (BREAM)

.....1 1/2 pounds or larger

#### SHELLCRACKER

.....2 pounds or larger

#### BLACK CRAPPIE

.....2 pounds or larger

#### RED BREAST

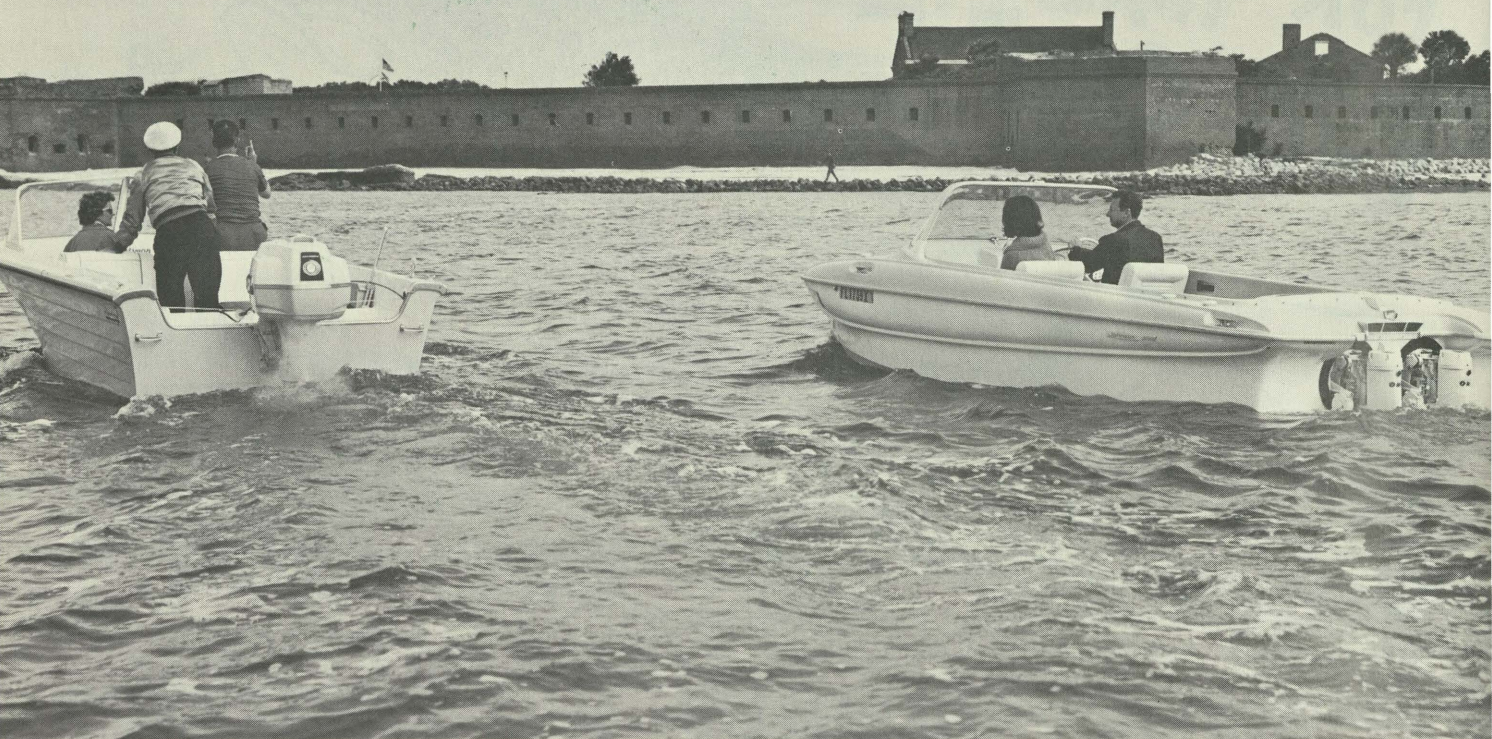
.....1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK





FORT CLINCH State Park, near Fernandina Beach, Northeast Florida. See Florida Boating Adventure, Page 10. — F.S.N.B. Photo

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